The Unexpected Reunion

The morning rush hour at London Waterloo was chaotic. Rain was lashing against the glass roof. Oliver, clutching a steaming paper cup, was navigating the crowd when a familiar face caught his eye.

"**Alright, mate?**" a voice boomed over the station announcements.

Oliver spun around. It was Callum, an old university friend he hadn't seen in five years.

"**Blimey! Callum!**" Oliver gasped, narrowly avoiding a commuter. "**Fancy seeing you here! How's tricks?**"

"**Can't complain, to be fair,**" Callum grinned, giving Oliver a brief, one-armed hug. "**Just dodging the weather. You? How have you been keeping?**"

"**Yeah, not too bad, thanks. Keeping busy,**" Oliver replied, wiping a drop of rain from his glasses. "**Actually, I'm just heading to a meeting. But look at you! You look well. What are you up to these days?**"

"**Oh, same old, same old, really,**" Callum said, shrugging. "**Still grinding away in marketing. Look, I don't want to hold you up if you're on a clock. Are you free for a quick catch-up later, or are you a bit snowed under?**"

Oliver checked his watch. "**I'm a bit pushed for time right now, but I'm absolutely gagging for a proper catch-up. I finish around four. Are you around Waterloo later?**"

"**Spot on. I'm actually meeting a client nearby, so I'll be kicking around the area anyway,**" Callum said.

"**Brilliant. Let's grab a pint at the pub round the corner. My treat,**" Oliver proposed.

"**Top man! Sound as a pound,**" Callum nodded warmly. "**Right, I'll let you get on. Don't want you being late on my account. Catch you later!**"

"**Safe journey, mate. See you at four!**" Oliver called back, blending back into the sea of umbrellas.